

# THE JOLLY JACK TAR

BY HARRY SYPHER

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

O H, the jolly Jack Tar! he is far away from home  
Aboard the nation's battleship upon the briny foam  
At Christmas time and all times he sails the seven seas!  
He quaffs the fragrant spices in every foreign breeze,  
And always when the day comes round that comes but once  
a year  
He sighs to quaff the fragrance of his fire-side chow.



**BUT** still the jolly Jack Tar upon the billowed brine,  
For all his lonesome feeling, is never heard to whine  
From somewhere east of Suez he gets his Christmas greens  
And decks himself all over with a wealth of woodland scenes  
With gorgeous glee he decks himself upon the hammock deck  
With evergreens upon his heart and holly round his neck



**THOUGH** jolly Jack has not a chance to hang the mistletoe  
And kiss the girl he left behind in case she gets below,  
He hitches up his trousers and he whistles through his teeth  
And goes and makes the mascot goat a jolly holly wreath,  
And then he sings a chautey song with loud guffaws between,  
Avent the merry mascot and the wreating of the greens.



**THEN** down within his mess room the jolly Jack Tar sits  
And culls a Christmas dinner from the galley and the kits,  
And Billygoat and Nannygoat are both remembered, too  
They get a bounteous feast themselves when jolly Jack is through.  
For, though they have no spinach, they devour the Christmas greens—  
The holly and the shrubbery and all the woodland scenes.



## SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

Lafayette Young, New Senator for From Iowa.



Lafayette Young, senator by appointment to succeed the late Jonathan P. Doolittle of Iowa, has long been a prominent figure in the Hawkeye State. For twenty years he has been editor of the Des Moines Capital and is the recognized leader of state politics. In 1900 Mr. Young nominated Theodore Roosevelt for the vice presidency at the Philadelphia national convention. He had been selected to name J. T. Dooliver, the man he now succeeds as senator, but changed his speech at the last moment, the Iowa candidate having withdrawn.

The new senator is a native of Iowa and is sixty-two years old. He was elected to the Iowa state senate in 1904. He was elected to the United States senate in 1908. He was elected to the United States senate in 1908. He was elected to the United States senate in 1908.

Mr. Young's political career is a record of success. He has served in the Iowa legislature, the Iowa senate, and the United States senate. He has been a member of the United States senate since 1908.

Mr. Young is a member of the United States senate. He is a member of the United States senate. He is a member of the United States senate.

Mr. Young is a member of the United States senate. He is a member of the United States senate. He is a member of the United States senate.

Mr. Young is a member of the United States senate. He is a member of the United States senate. He is a member of the United States senate.

Mr. Young is a member of the United States senate. He is a member of the United States senate. He is a member of the United States senate.

Mr. Young is a member of the United States senate. He is a member of the United States senate. He is a member of the United States senate.

Mr. Young is a member of the United States senate. He is a member of the United States senate. He is a member of the United States senate.

Mr. Young is a member of the United States senate. He is a member of the United States senate. He is a member of the United States senate.

## HUMOROUS

Starting the day...

The day was a... The day was a... The day was a...

The day was a... The day was a... The day was a...

The day was a... The day was a... The day was a...

The day was a... The day was a... The day was a...

The day was a... The day was a... The day was a...

The day was a... The day was a... The day was a...

The day was a... The day was a... The day was a...

The day was a... The day was a... The day was a...

The day was a... The day was a... The day was a...

The day was a... The day was a... The day was a...

The day was a... The day was a... The day was a...

The day was a... The day was a... The day was a...

The day was a... The day was a... The day was a...



MADONNA AND CHRIST-CHILD.

## A CHRISTMAS DRYAD.

By ADDISON HOWARD GIBSON.  
Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

IT was Christmas day, and the sun shed a golden radiance over the Arizona desert, brown leaved and spotted with mesquite and acacia. As the cow pony bore Leila Warren over the indistinct trail she took deep breaths of the ozone of the foothills.

"This is living!" she cried, stretching her arms toward the trees which bordered the canyon. "It's grand to spend Christmas all alone by oneself out on this great desert."

"To see me now no one would think me thirty-five years old," she laughed, swinging lightly to a seat on a favoring branch of a live oak. "The west has given me back strength, youth and well, in a degree forgetfulness of the past. The change has taught me a wonderful philosophy—not to keep trouble."

She took an apple from her lunch bag and ate it. Suddenly a stir in the manzanita bushes behind her attracted her attention. Peering through the leaves of her retreat Leila saw a tall, well built man in hunter's garb picking his way through the chaparral directly toward her tree. He approached with the elastic tread of a wild manhood, resting his rifle against the oak. Then he swung himself at its trunk and stretched his limbs upon the earth to rest.

For a minute she studied the intruder, debating in her mind the best means of acquainting him with her sole occupancy of that retreat. Suddenly a spirit of mischief overcame her, and she let fall an oak ball, she had plucked from a nearby twig. The small green globe struck the man squarely on the head.

Instantly he sprang to his feet, caught up his rifle and began peering up through the live oak's branches. "You can't challenge me that way, Mr. Squirel," he said, pointing the side upward; "not with impunity."

Leila gave a little cough. "Don't shoot me, please," she called down. "I plead guilty."

She encountered a pair of surprised brown eyes looking up at her. Dropping his rifle to his side, the man lifted his hat politely.

"I never shoot dryads," he answered. "I suppose," she said, a smile hovering on the tips, "that you are perfectly familiar with dryads."

"Hardly," he answered, smiling up at her. "I know very little except they are said to live in trees. Are the other live oaks in this canyon inhabited by your consins?"

A twinkle came into the dryad's blue eyes. "Possibly," she returned; "you know we have family trees."

pardona me if I have seemed overpromptuous. Having no cards with me, I'll introduce myself by telling you I am the mining engineer from the Copper Knight property. I came over to the mines to do some construction work, but the men deserted me for a holiday, so in self defense I turned nitro and found a dryad."

From his leafy perch the dryad watched the man as he went whistling away over to the spring. There was something in his half playful speech and the easy swing of his gait that seemed strangely familiar to her.

He was building a fire between some rocks when he called to her. "If the dryad will look I'll show her how to cook game without pot or pan. An Indian guide showed me," he explained.

Over a fire of dry bark and twigs he fixed some green mesquite sticks to which "the game" was carefully suspended. The aroma of the broiling rabbit was sufficient to cause the dryad to descend, for the ride across the foothills had given her a vigorous appetite.

"I will spread the table," she announced, spreading paper napkins over a smooth rock. "Here are beef and waffles, olives, cheese, crackers, fig wafers and one large apple," she continued, taking the various articles from her lunch bag and arranging them on the improvised table.

"A feast for a dryad," said the man. "And a nitro," she added, meeting the boyish smile on his face with confidence. "It will be a unique Christmas dinner."

"It will be the most delightful one ever eaten," recklessly declared the man, doffing the broiling game. When the game was done the two sat down and ate together with no constraint and with real congeniality.

As she stood under the live oak fastening up her abundant light brown hair, which had providently tumbled down, the man gave her a peculiar searching gaze.

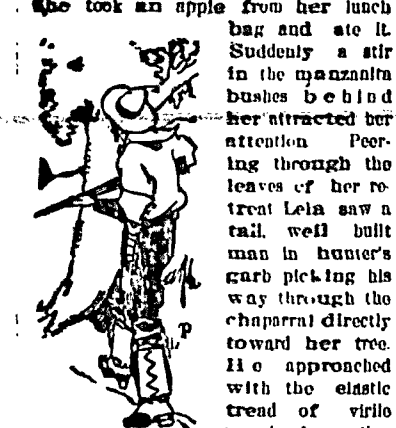
"I have certainly met you before," he said abruptly, "but before you entered the dryad state. Are you from the east?"

"Formerly from Vermont," she answered, mastering the refractory mass of hair. "Leila Warren" he cried, his face glowing with gladness. "I wondered from the first if I hadn't met you in some seon long ago."

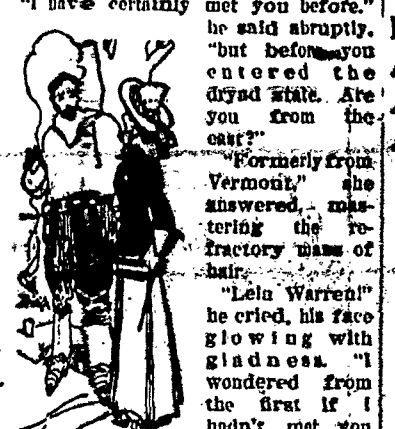
"And you are John Fletcher," he returned, shaking hands. Then her eyes fell under the radiant light in his. "Your beard prevented my recognizing you before," she added. "It was a mere striping in those days and you a girl just through high school," he said. Then he asked with gentle reproof, "Why did you call the old home, Leila, and go away without leaving one word for me? When I returned from Europe I searched everywhere for you, but no one knew where you had gone."

A shadow from the past crossed the woman's face. "Of course you heard that my brother defaulted. Mother and I sold the old home to settle up for him," she explained. "Then we went to Chicago, where I taught school. After mother's death I came west. I am governess for the Evans family at Circle ranch."

"Leila," he said tenderly, "I have never forgotten you. We are both still unmarried, thank God! Look," he commanded, his boyish spirit returning, as he pointed to a cluster of mistletoe that hung to a branch of the oak just above her head. As she looked upward he kissed her, murmuring with endearing accents: "My Christmas dryad."



A TALL MAN IN HUNTER'S GARB.



"LEILA WARREN" HE CRIED.